

The Messenger

-Thank God, Sir! I'm on time!

-Could've emailed, Captain.

-Some sort of electron storm, sun spots.

-Who is the general in charge of such things?

-I don't know, Sir.

-Obviously. Is that all Captain? Sweaty and sloppy, out of uniform panic devoid of content? Obvious future of the officer corps.

-Sir! You're on the cusp of a terrible, tragic error.

-Do tell? Cusp? Tragedy? Were you in the literary club at The Point?

-You can't attack the Woggos! The Woggos are our allies! The Wignots are the true terrorists, Sir!

-And where are they?

-In Tellmacho Province, Sir.

-Whereas the Woggos are right in front of us. The target of opportunity, yes?

-That may be true, General, but...

-The attack goes forth as planned. Changing now just too complex. Besides, I'm a soldier. No time for political niceties. That's for Pentagon Rabbits.